

I give my life over
to pieces of bodies; by the end
maybe I'll have loved a whole man.

My knees cry out in the night for a dabble,
bent like breathless poppies
towards what comes charging out of the east.

Waiting for impact.
Dreaming the streamlined
ride of your waist.

PILGRIMAGE

I was no earth
he travelled upon,
rested his head.

I did the walking.
my palms
asked questions

his flesh rose or fell
in response,
this way, here,
a shifting of land towards

the hills, his nipples
unexpected rising,
all the gliding brown skin blown

from those charged points, current
straight to his heart.

Night over night my desire
imagines not the heave and grasp
of my own body, but his
form, a geography, where

I wandered, hand-first.

EXORCISM OF THE STRAIGHT/MAN/DEMON ✓

You are just the kind of man
who has always sucked me
into loving him. The kind
unable
to feed me love back.

You stuff me with your need
and say it is my need. You stick
your hardness in my face
and say it is my softness.
It IS my softness. Go away.
I have no more openings
for hardness.

Straight man in me who I never wanted.
Power spoon-fed me that I despise.
to lord over
to judge not listen
to thrust, not pull
to be hard and never yield.
Look out! I expel you.

And warn you not to shove yourself
into the hands of my mouth.
See how hard your cock is?
That's how strong my jaw is.
That's how fierce my heart is and my love.

My hate is not
from angry love but from anger.
Not for who you are but how you treat me.
Filling my need to be loved
with your own need to conquer love.
Man Man I call your name
in throwing you out.

And reclaim my formlessness.
And re-interpret my desires.
And receive the world as made for me.

Aaron Shurin
From The Son of
the Male Mv
Ed. Ian Young
1983

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